



## MEDICAL RESEARCH DISCOVERS TREATMENT FOR

## PIMPLES

Acne, Blackheads, and other externally caused Skin Blemishes

DON'T LET UGLY PIMPLES BLEMISH YOUR PERSONALITY RUIN YOUR CONFIDENCE OR SPOIL YOUR TALENTS!

DO YOU feel your skin is hold-ing back your chances for

popularity . . . for success? Are you

afraid people whom you'd like to know will reject you? Thousands of

people who felt the same as younow have clear attractive complex-

ions. They've regained their poise

and confidence. You can benefit

SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH REVEALS NEGLECT CAUSE OF MANY SKIN TROUBLES Skin Specialists and Medical statistics tell us that broken out skin usually occurs from adolescence and can continue on through adulthood. Adolescents often

carry these scars throughout their life.

Many never get over the "feeling of em-barrassment" and are always conscious of

their appearance and complexion. Per-

sistent cases of "bad skin" sometimes con-

tinue on through adulthood. In this stage

of life, the responsibilities of earning a living and meeting people are essential if

you are to climb the ladder of success in your job. It is doubly important to give your skin problems immediate care, Physicians state that to neglect your skin may

prolong your skin troubles and make it more difficult to clear up. And, there is no better time to get pimples under con-

Laboratory analysis using special micro-scopes gives us the scientific facts regard-ing those unsightly pimples. High-pow-

trol than NOW!

from their experience!

this over-secretion, more oil than is normally required by the skin is deposited on the outside of the skin. Unless special care is taken, this excessive oil forms an oily coating which is a catch-all for all foreign matter in the air. When dust, dirt, lint, etc. become embedded into the tiny skin openings and block them up, they can cause the pores to become enlarged and

therefore even more susceptible to additional dirt and dust. These enlarged, blocked up pores may form blackheads as soon as they become infected and bring you the worry, despair, embarrassment and humiliation of pimples, blackheads and other externally caused blemishes.

Illustrated is a microscopic repro-duction of a healthy

CAUSES OF PIMPLES AND

POWERFUL MICROSCOPE

BLACKHEADS SEEN THROUGH

The sebaceous glands are shown as they project through the many layers of skin. In a normal skin, the openings of the gland tubes are not blocked and permit the oil to flow freely to the outside of the skin.

DOCTORS RECOMMEND THIS TREATMENT

Physicians report two important ways to control this condition: First, they pre-scribe clearing the pores of clogging matter; and second, inhibit the excessive oiliness of the skin.

To help overcome these two conditions, Scope Products' research make available two scientifically-tested formulas that contain clinically proven ingredi-ents. The first formula contains special cleansing properties not found in ordinary

cold creams or skin cleansers. Thoroughly, but gently, it re-moved all surface scales, dried sebaceous matter, dust, dirt and debris-leaving your skin won-derfully soft, smooth and receptive to proper treatment. The second formula acts to reduce the excessive oiliness produced by the overactive sebaceous glands. Its active ingredients also help prevent the spread of infection by killing bacteria often associated with externally caused pimples, blackheads and blemishes.

COVERS UP UNSIGHTLY BLEMISHES WHILE MEDICATION DOES ITS WORK

To remove the immediate embarrassment of skin blemishes, Scope Medicated Skin Formula helps conceal while it medicates! Unlike many other skin preparations, Scope Formula has a pleasant fragrance! Imaginel The moment you apply the Scope Freatment to your skin you can instantly face the immediate present with greater confidence in your appearance. At the same time, you are sure that the medication is acting to remove externally cation is acting to remove externally caused blemishes and helping to prevent new ones. This "cover-up" action gives you peace of mind. No longer need you suffer from the feeling of self-consciousness or inferiority. Make this your first step in the direction of a clear complexion and skin that's lovable to kiss and touch!

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK

We make this guaranteed offer because so many users of Scope Medicated Skin For-mula have written us telling how it mula have written us telling how it helped to clear up their complexion. We want you to try the Scope Double Treat-ment at our risk. Just a few minutes of your time each day can yield more grati-lying results than you ever dreamed pos-sible! If you are not delighted in every way by the improved condition and gen-eral appearance of your skin IN JUST 10 DAYS, simply return the unused portion and we will refund not just the price you paid – but DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK! You have everything to gain and we take all the risk! We want all teen-agers, men and women of all ages to get a fresh, new glowing cutlook on life. We want you to be the inviting social personality you might be and to help you reach highest success possible in business. Now you can give yourself new hope and bring back that happy joyous feeling of confidence, poise and popularity!

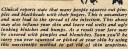
NOW YOU CAN GET THE SCOPE 2-WAY "COVER-UP" ACTION AND MEDICATED SKIN TREATMENT IMMEDIATELY WITHOUT DELAY!

Just send your name and address to SCOPE PRODUCTS CO., Dept. 20DP 1 Orchard Street, New York, N. Y. Be sure to print clearly. By return mail we sure to print clearly. By return mail we will ship the Scope treatment to you in a plain package. When postman delivers the package, pay only \$1.98 plus postage. Or send \$2.00 now and we pay postage. No matter which way you order, you have a DOUBLE REFUND GUARANTEE. Don't delay, send for the Scope Medicated Skin treatment with its special "cover-up" action . . . today! Sorry no Canadian or foreign C.O.D.'S.

ered lenses show your skin consists of sev-eral outer layers. Projecting through this epidermis, are hairs, the ducts of the sweat glands and the tiny tubes of the sebaceous glands which supply the skin with oil to keep it soft and pliable. Skin specialists will tell you that many skin eruptions can often be traced to an over-secretion, of oil from the sebaceous glands. As a result of

DON'T SPREAD INFECTION BY SQUEEZING PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS





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# One Awful Night with a FIEND



A LITTLE LATER, SOME DISTANCE FROM THE NOWELL TOMB . . .

NO SUPERSTITIOUS BUNKUM IS GOING TO MAKE ME A STAR! MIGHT AS WELL FACE IT. I JUST DON'T HAVE THE LUCK OR WHATEVER



PERHAPS THE GHOST OF CONSTANCE NOWELL MIGHT LET YOU DOWN, JANE, BUT I CAN HELP YOU BECOME A RICH AND FAMOUS STAR--IF YOU'LL DO AS I SAY! WHA...? WHERE DID YOU COME FROM? I DIDN'T SPEAK ALOUD, HOW DID YOU KNOW WHAT I WAS THINKING?



















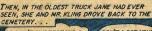


CEME











DON'T LOSE YOUR NERVE! TONIGHT'S WORK WILL BRING YOU STARDOM.











I'LL TELL YOU / I CAME OVER

HE IS NOT REALLY, WHOLLY DEAD/ TRUE GENIUS NEVER DIES/ MARKO WAS A FAILURE, ONLY BECAUSE HIS STARK REALISM WAS 20 YEARS AHEAD OF THE TIMES. HE COMMITTED SUICIDE TO TEMPORARILY ESCAPE THE WORLD THAT WOULD NOT RECOGNIZE HIS GENIUS/BUT HE SWORE HE WOULD RETURN SOME DAY!



THE ROYAL MARKO FAMILY POSSESSED THE POWER OF BLACK MAGIC! BEFORE SHOOTING HIMSELF, THE COUNT SWALLOWED A POTION TO PRESERVE HIS BOOY IN THE GRAVE AND ENABLE HIM TO RETURN TO LIFE WHEN THE TIME WAS RIGHT TO RESUME HIS CAREER!





As if frozen by some uncontrollable power, Jane Ellis Remained in the Haunted Manse alone, to fulfill her macabre contract... These sulphurous canples give off a heady, suckly-sweet









UNDER THE SPELL OF THE INCENSE AND COUNT MARKO'S HYPNOTIC STARE, JANE WENT UPSTAIRS, AGAINST HER WILL. . .







ON THE SCREEN, BEFORE JAME'S TERRIFIED GAZE, WAS PLAYED A MURDER SCENE OF SUCH INTENSE, HORRIGLE REALLSM, THAT EVEN THOUGH IT WAS A SILENT FILM, SHE COULD ALMOST HEAR THE HAPLESS VICTIM'S EAR-PIERCING SHRIEKS!



STOPIT! I



AGAIN ACROSS THE SILVER SCREEN FLASHED A SCENE OF SUCH AMESOME REALITY THAT THE HUMAN EYE COULD HARDLY BEAR TO WATCH IT! JANE GOGGLED AT IT IN ACHING REVOLT,



CAN'T STAND
ANY MORE!
YOU MUST HAVE
BEEN MAD TO
FILM SUCH
SCENES!

DEAR!
JUST A
MASTER
CRAFTSMAN! I'LL
FORGIVE THIS
INITIAL SHOCK,
BUT YOU MUST
LEARN TO CONTROL
YOURSELF!

NOT MAD, MY



THE SECRET OF MY SHOCKING REALISM?
I NEVER FAKE A SCENE! I USED A REAL



WE ARE THE ACTORS YOU MURDERED, COUNT MARKO -- VICTIMS OF YOUR REALISTIC TECHNIQUE WE'VE BEEN AWAITING YOUR RETURN FOR 20 RESTLESS YEARS! NOW WE WILL HAVE VENGEANCE, PREVENT CONTINUANCE OF YOUR WICKED WORK!









JANE ELLIS LEAPED FROM THE SECOND FLOOR AND FAINTED . SOME TIME LATER . . . |

EASY, HONEY / I WAS PASSING BY AND SAW FLAMES AND HEARD SCREAMS! I FOUND YOU SPRAWLED IN SOME HEDGES / WHAT HAPPENED?

I-I'D RATHER NOT TALK ABOUT IT, RIGHT NOW! YOU LOOK FAMILIAR, AREN'T YOU RAY JENNINGS, THE FAMOUS YOUNG PRODUCER ?

YES, I AM / FOR MONTHS I'VE SEARCHED FOR A NEW FACE TO PLAY THE LEAD IN MY NEXT PRODUCTION / NOW, ALMOST AS IF I WERE LED HERE, I FIND YOU / YOU'RE PERFECT FOR



LONG AFTER JANE ELLIS ATTAINED STARDOM, SHE WAS HAUNTED BY THE NEWS STORY THAT APPEARED THE NEXT





IN AN ART GALLERY IN LONDON, ONE MAY SEE THREE PAINT.
INSS BY REGINALD COLEMAN... TWO LANDSCAPES AND ONE
SELF-PORTRAIT. THIS IS THE STRANGE STORY OF THOSE
THREE PAINTINGS. ONE SUNNY AFTERNOON IN 1912.
COLEMAN WAS STANDING ON THE BANKS OF THE
THAMES RIVER, PAINTING THE STREAM AND A
SMALL PASSENGER BOAT WHICH HAPPENED
TO BE PASSING...





COLEMAN WAS SHOCKED BY THE NUMBER OF LIVES LOST IN THE EXPLOSION OF THE BOAT, AS HE WAS PAINT-ING IT. BUT TWO WEEKS LATER, HE WAS AT HIS FAST! AGAIN





CONVINCED THAT HIS PAINTINGS OF THE BOAT AND THE BUILDING HAD JINXED THOSE OBJECTS, COLEMAN SWITCHED FROM LANDSCAPES TO HIS SELF-PORTRAIT...



SUDDENIS, A STREAK OF LIGHTNING CRASHED INTO THE STUDIO!

AND SO REGINALD COLEMAN
DIED! EACH
PICTURE HE
HAD PAINTED
BROUGHT DEATH
TO SOMEONE.
HAINTING, A
SELF-PORTRAIT,
HAD BROUGHT
DEATH TO
HIMSEL!
JUST ANOTHER
MYSTERY IN
THE ARICABLE
OTHER
SUPER.
SUPER.
NATURAL!



# BEWARE OF SIVA'S FLAMING WRATH

















TONIGHT! OH, IT'S NOTHING, I DIDN'T BRAD! THEY'RE KNOW YOU JUST TALKING COULD ABOUT THE UNDERSTAND PREPARATIONS THEIR LANGUAGE I'M MARRYING FOR OUR WEDDING ! QUITE AN CCOMPLISHED GIRL /































#### GWEN RECOILED WITH INSTANT SHOCK! IT-IT'S A





THE AFTERNOON OF THE HOUSEWARNING PARTY. WHAT'S THIS ABOUT A SEANCE ? HAVEN'T YOU HAD ENOUGH OF THAT





WHEN THE PARTY BROKE UP











JHE TOMB OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE IS TO BE FOUND AT LES INVALOES IN PAIRS MOIN A NEARTH BUILDING IA A POMINED WITH MANY OF THE OBJECTS ONCE OWNED AND USED BY THIS FRENCH LEADER, HERE ARE TO BE SEEN HIS SWORDS, HIS UNIFORMS, THE BED ON WHICH HE SLEPT DURING HIS CAMPAIGNS IN THE FIELD. THERE IS EVEN HIS FAMOUS WHITE HORSE, STUFFED AND PRESERVED FOR PATRIOTIC FRENCHMEN TO VIEW.

SO IMPRESSIVE WERE THE PERSONAL BELONGINGS OF NAPOLEON, THAT VISITORS TO THE EXHIBIT COULD ALMOST FEEL THE PRESENCE OF THE OFFICER WHO BECAME AN EMPEROR.



IN 1321, THE CARETAKER OF THE EXHIBIT WAS AN OLD MAN NAMED CLAUDE DELESSEPS. HE WAS PROUD OF HIS POSITION AS GUARDIAN OF THE NAPOLEONIC RELICS...



ONE NIGHT, IN THIS YEAR OF 1921, OLD DELESSEPS WAS ALONE IN THE CORRIDOR JUST OUTSIDE THE ROOM OF THE EXHIBIT, WHEN HE SUDDENLY HEARD.



DELESSEPS ENTERED THE MON DIEU! IT IS MAPOLEON HIMSELF... AND HIS HORSE... COME TO LIFE.



WHEN DELESSEPS REGAINED HIS SENSES MOMENTS LATER.

HE IS GONE! ALL IS AS BEFORE! BUT NOW I REMEMBER... THE EMPEROR DIED EXACTLY 100 YEARS AGO TODAY... IN 1821! COULD IT BE THAT...?



YES, COULD IT BE THAT MAPDLEDN HAD RETURNED ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF HIS DEATH FOR ONE BRIEF MOMENTA AMONG THE THINGS HE HAD OWNED AND LOVED DURING HIS LIFETIMES. WHAT OO YOU THINK. READERS¹

# BRIDE of the GOLDEN SKULL





EITHER THIS PLACE IS DESERTED OR EVERYBOOT'S ASLEEP! DON'T KNOW IF THEY'RE FRIENDLY... BUT I'M NOT HANGING AROUND TO... WHAT'S THAT! MUST BE SOME SORT OF A TEMPLE... OR SHRINE! THAT LOOKS LIKE A SKULL!
IN THERE! A GOLDEN SKULL!



THAT'S WHAT IT IS! A SKULL MADE OUT OF GOLD...
AND SITTING RIGHT HERE ON A THRONE! IT MUST BE
SOME IDOO OF HERE PROBABLY DON'T EVEN
KOVIT IN VALUE! MUST BE WORTH A
FORTUNE! I'LL TAKE IT ALONG!

WITH THE THEFT OF THE GOLDEN SKULL, CUVE BARELY REALIZED HE HAD SEALED HIS OWN FATE, YEARS LATER HE FOUND HIMSELF RESIDING IN PARIS AND SUFFERING HEAVY REVERSES...



BUT I'D BETTER NOT! MAYBE SOME AUTHOR-ITIES FROM TIBET REPORTED IT WAS STOLEN! MAYBE THEY'RE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR IT! I CAN'T TAKE THE CHANCE! I'D GO TO PRISON!



THERE WAS NO PEACEFUL REST FOR CLIVE DOUGLAS. OAY BY DAY, HE LIVED IN SEAR OF DISCOVERY, AND WITH THE COMMENT OF A RECURRENT OREAM. A NIGHT, HE SUFFERED THE TORMENT OF A RECURRENT HAD PLAGUED THE METHOD THE





ALWAYS CLIVE WOULD BE FLOATING HELPLESSLY IN SPACE, CLUTCH-ING FOR SOMETHING THAT WASN'T THERE-- SOMETHING BY WHICH HE COULD DRAW HIMSELF AWAY FROM THE



NO! NEVER! I'LL NEVER TAKE YOU BACK! YOU'RE MINE! NUH! WHAT'S HAPPENING! OHH... I'M HAVING THAT HORRIBLE DREAM AGAIN! THAT CURSED SKULL WON'T GNE ME A MOMENT'S REST... AND IT TALKS TO ME!





AND THEN IT HAPPENED FOR THE FIRST TIME. THIS WAS NO DREAM! THE GOLDEN SKULL REALLY SPOKE! NO BOUNDS!



SO YOU WANT TO BE RE-TURNED, EH? YOU WON'T LET UP ON ME, EH? HA! HA! WELL, I'VE GOT A WAY OUT! I'LL GET RID OF YOU ONCE AND FOR ALL! YOUR LITTLE GAME IS OVER!



FOR SEVERAL MOMENTS, CLIVE WATCHED THE SHINING OBJECT SINK LOWER AND LOWER INTO THE DEPTHS. ALMOST BLEE-FUL AT RIDDING HIMSELF OF HIS OPPRESSOR, HE RETURNED HOME...































"HE IMPARTS HIS GREAT WISDOM TO ME, WHEN THE SKULL SPEAKS, AND S. IN TURN, IMPART HIS TEACHINGS TO MY PEDPLE. FROM THE REGION OF THE HEREAFTER, HE HAS LEARNED MUCH AND SO KEPT ME FROM THE DEATH KNOWN TO OTHER MORTALS...















### THE HAND

"All right, what am I bid for this beautiful, antique, gold watch?" The thundering voice pounded against the ear drums of the annoyed crowds shifting in both directions along West 46th Street. It was merciles, unrelenting, Jules looked up at the loud-speaker above the door of the antique shop, dropped his half-smoked cigarette to the pavement and, after grinding it out, ambled through the open door.

"Only seventeen dollars? Oh, come, come, ladies and gentlemen. You can't be serious." Unmagnified within the store, the auctioneer's bellowing wasn't half so irritating as it had been to Jules' ears out on the street. But Jules gave little attention to the obnoxious man on the dais. He was looking around, studying the faces of the other prospective customers.

"Seventeen once, Seventeen twice. Third and last time, Sold!" Jules watched in amusement as the little, roly-poly man scurried toward the platform, a small roll of bills tightly clenched in his hand. What amazing ability, he thought, referring to the auctioneer. The proper stressing of the proper tones and he soon had his audience in the palm of his hand, worked up into a feverish pitch for the mere purpose of extorting a few dollars for his mostly worthless junk.

But süddenly, he was no longer an outsider. His resistance faded and he found himself being drawn closer in order to get a good look at the beautifully carved wooden box the auctioneer was holding afort. It was solid black, probably mahogany, thought Jules. In length, he estimated it to be about eighteen inches.

It stood about six inches in width and height. The designs, meticulously carved, within borders, were of the most expert craftsmanship and were clearly Oriental. Perhaps from India, Jules mused.

"And now, to stimulate your interest and your gambling instincts, we offer the piece de resistance." The auctioneer was high-pressuring again, but Jules didn't seem to mind it too much. "There's no telling what is contained in this box," the auctioneer proclaimed in defiance to anyone who might think otherwise. "I assure you I haven't the faintest idea and neither has the owner of this shop or any of the salesmen. There may be a fortune in jewels. There may be last year's calendar — if anything's more worthless."

Jules was intrigued now. Even if it were empty, it'd surely draw a decent sum in some curio shop as an objet d'art.

"Who'll take a chance? Who'll start the bidding at five dollars? Will somebody offer five? All right, then. Three dollars. Ahh, I have two. Two dollars offered for this beautifully carved box. Who'll say more? Who'll say three?"

"Three." The word was scarcely out before Jules

realized he'd made the bid. Suddenly he regretted it. He didn't want the black box. Suppose nobody else would bid. He'd be stuck with it and he'd be out three bills. He cursed himself under his breath. Why couldn't he keep his big mouth shut?

"Three, I have three. Who'll make it five? Who'll... What's that? Four, I have four dollars." Jules turned to glare at the man who'd offered four. He knew he didn't want the box and yet he hated this man who was trying to outbid him for it.

"Five," Jules shouted. Little dots of perspiration occade out onto his brow. His breathing became heavy and his temples throbbed. His stiff arms marked a downward trail to clenched fists. Tight-lipped, he wondered if his weakness, the inability to make up his mind, was apparent to those around him. Hang it all! He almost said it aloud. Now he wanted the box. And nothing short of the eighteen dollars and ninety-six cents he had with him would keep it from him.

"Six," came a distant voice. And before the auctioneer could repeat the bid, an adamant "Seven" thundered from Jules!

"I have seven. Seven dollars for this beautiful box, the contents of which are unknown. Seven dollars. Seven dollars, once. Seven dollars, twice! And. . ."

"Eight!" Jules was ready to strangle the man in back.

"I have eight. Eight dollars."

"Nine!" Again, Jules cursed under his breath. He shut his eyes, trying to control himself. Tensely, he awaited a cry of "Ten" from the man in back. The bellowing auctioneer became annoying again. What he was babbling, Jules didn't know.

"Sold!" The one word brought him out of his trance.

He felt a little dazed. He was standing outside, feeling the cool Autumn breeze caressing his cheek. His breathing came easier, once out of the smokefilled store. Something was pressing into his side. He looked down. A package. There was a package under his arm. The box was his.

Jules twisted the key in the lock and dropped it into his pocket. Quickly, he tore the wrappings from around the box. He fumbled with it carelessly, trying to find out how it opened. He set it on the table, turned it one way, then the other. He stood it up on an end. Suddenly, he backed away, staring, in disbelief, his mouth agape. There was no opening. There wasn't even a line where one of the six sides connected with another.

It was a solid block of wood!

And yet it couldn't be, Jules reasoned. For a piece of mahogany this size to be solid, it would have to weigh much more. For the first time, Jules shook the box. It rattled.

There was definitely something inside. But what?

To crack the box open would mean ruining the beautiful craftsmanship that went into designing it. If something very valuable were inside, it might be worth it. And here, the auctioneer's words came back to him. "There may be a fortune in -jewels. There may be last year's calendar—if anything's more worthless."

Jules turned away and started to undress for bed. Every now and then he'd glance over at the box where it sat prominently at the 'edge of the table. At length, he turned out the light and slipped into bed. But the matter weighed heavily on his mind and robbed him of sleep. He tossed and turned for what seemed like hours—his mind constantly on the black box.

"Wish to heaven I knew what was in it," he muttered, half-aloud. A sudden crashing sound, accompanied with the splintering of wood resounded in the darkness. Startled beyond his wits, Jules quickly sat bolt upright in his bed. It was over as quickly as it had come. Fearfully, Jules remained immobile for several moments. Then, certain of his solitude and his safety, he slowly rose and reached for the switch.

What he saw made his blood curdle, There, resting on the table, the splintered mahogany box lying in pieces around it, was a hand. The shape was definitely that of a human hand, but the color was unlike anything human Jules had ever seen before. In places, it seemed decayed—in others, petrified, The hand had been severed half-way up the forearm and Jules recoiled as he noticed parts of the forearm bones protruding from the emaciated layer of flesh. He knew he could never touch the disgusting thing, but finally collecting his nerve, he ventured closer for better scrutinization.

"Busted wide open," he muttered, when at last his gaze fell upon the chunks of split wood. "Something just busted the whole thing apart. I guess it's worthless now... but how on Earth...? I got my wish, all right, I found out what was in the box, but I sure wish it was intact again."

No sooner were the words uttered than Jules' mouth fell open and his eyes almost popped right out of their sockets. There, on the table before him, the hand began to move! Slowly it began crawling around the table, gathering each piece of wood and assembling them into its original box formation. It placed each sliver, each splinter back in position with precision movements. At length, when the job was finished, it came to a complete stop next to the box. For

a long minute, Jules stared at the hand as if hypnotized.

"It's alive," he whispered to himself hoarsely.
"That thing s'alive!" And a slow realization came to him. He'd wished to know the contents of the box and the hand had burst its way out. He'd wished the box intact again and the hand had complied. Ideas began forming in Jules' mind—but he'd have to make tests first.

"Lay out some fresh clothes for me for the morning!" He'd barked it like a command. The hand remained motionless. Jules stared, frightened for a moment. Then, he realized his error. Choosing his words carefully, Jules spoke again.

"I wish my clothes were all laid out neatly for the morning," he said. The hand started moying. It crawled off the table into mid-air in the direction of the dresser. It pulled the drawer open, removed a shirt, some underwear and socks and placed them neatly in an easy chair. A quick thought occurred to Jules.

"I wish you'd put them back," he said. The hand refused to bulge. A wish, Jules realized, cannot be countermanded. But still, the hand would do whatever he wished. He suddenly thought of old Mr. Wilton, his next door neighbor. Rumor had it that he was fabulously rich and kept all his money about like a miser.

"Mr. Wilton's money," he whispered to the hand, "I wish I had all of Mr. Wilton's money." His eyes danced excitedly as the hand crawled toward the door, opened it and floated out. Jules waited in the stillness, pacing up and down. Suddenly, he stopped cold as a piercing shriek shattered the night. His eyes were on the door, Presently, it opened again and the hand, clutching a large roll of bills floated in.

Juless waited. All was still again, He knew what had happened. Old Mr. Wilton was dead. The hand had done it. And Jules was responsible. Murder was more than he'd bargained for! He hadn't intended it this way—but how was the hand to know what Jules had intended?

"Murder!" Jules whispered the word repeatedly, in a daze.

When he snapped out of it, he brought his attention back to the disgusting thing on the table.

"You! YOU!" he screamed. "I wish I'd never set eyes on you!" The words were scarcely out before Jules knew what he'd said. The floating hand approached him. Jules backed himself into a corner strapped! In an instant, the hand was climbing up his robe. Then, despite his screaming, it was tearing his hands away from his face. Jules fought to protect his eyes, in vain!

And another piercing shriek shattered the night!

THE END

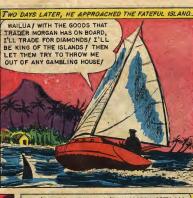
# LURE of the ZOMBIE DIAMONDS























OVER A SECRET PATH, SHAPED BY COUNTLESS PROCESSIONS OVER CENTURIES

THIS FAT TRADER IS VERY HEAVY BWALU / WE ARE ALMOST THERE ! SOON HE WILL JOIN THE DEAD MEN



I'M STILL WEAK FROM THAT DRUG, BUT IT WAS WORTH IT/ THE WHOLE FLOOR OF THE VALLEY IS COVERED WITH PRECIOUS STONES ! EVEN A FEW POCKETSFUL WILL MAKE ME RICH BEYOND MY WILDEST DREAMS.



SUDDENLY!

WHA ... ? WHO IN SATAN'S NAME ARE YOU 2

WE ARE THE LIVING DEAD GUARDIANS OF THE SACRED VALLEY OF SINBAD! YOU HAVE COME HERE BY TREACHERY / YOU ARE ALIVE AND DEFILE OUR VALLEY! YOU MUST GO /



I'M GOING, BUT I'M TAKING THIS LOOT WITH ME! IF

WILLIE STAGGERED WITH FATIGUE AND HUNGER, PURSUED BY THE CIRCLING VULTURES ABOVE

LEAVE ME / MAYBE I CAN ROCK THEM OFF WITH THESE DIAMONDS! THEY'RE DRIVING ME MAD!















THE BURNING SUN BEAT AGAINST THE TRADER'S BRAIN AS HE FOL-LOWED THE HOVERING VULTURES.

JEWELS, DIAMONDS, RUBIES, EMERALDS ... ALL MINE / MINE, I TELL YOU ! I'M THE KING OF THE VALLEY! MOUNTAINS OF JEWELS, ALL MINE /



WHEN NIGHT FELL, WILLIE HAD FOUND HIS WAY ONCE MORE TO THE VALLEY OF SINBAD. .

THE DEAD MEN ARE GONE AND I'M KING OF THE VALLEY! NOTHING CAN STOP



BUT SUDDENLY!

GO AWAY ! THIS VALLEY BELONGS TO ME! THERE'S NO PLACE FOR DEAD MEN HERE!

YOU HAVE RETURNED, OH EVIL ONE! THE CURSE PURSUED YOU AND SENT YOU BACK!



WILLIE'S FATE UNRAYELED TO ITS SHOCKING END, AND WHEN HE ROSE ONCE MORE. . .

NOW THAT WE HAVE DEALT WITH YOU, YOU WILL GO BACK INTO THE WORLD TO LIVE THE REST OF YOUR LIFE AND DIE LIKE THE LOWEST WORM THAT CRAWLS!





BARELY ABLE TO STAND, WILLIE REACHED THE NATIVE VILLAGE. . . .

SEE, I'VE COME BACK FROM YOUR CURSED VALLEY / I'VE DOME BACK / AND THEY SAID NO ONE COULD GET OUT OF THE VALLEY ALIVE!

YES, BUT JUST LOOK HOW YOU GOT BACK!







AT A FAMILIAR PLACE IN TAMANA

JOE, WILL YOU LOOK AT THAT/ IT'S ENOUGH TO MAKE YOUR INNARDS CRAWL AT THE SIGHT OF HIM! HE LOOKS

SEVENTY YEARS OLD! WHY IT'S WILLIE FERGUSON! BUT HE WAS A FAT HULK OF A MANY WHAT'S HE MUMBLING TO HIMSELF ABOUT?

HE'S SAYING SOMETHING LIKE "ONLY THE DEAD MAY ENTER" AND HE KEEPS REPEATING IT! UGH/ LET'S GET AWAY FROM HIM/ HE'D BE BETTER OFF DEAD THAN ALIVE

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1935, AND JULY 2, 1946 (TRIE 39, United States Code, Section 233)

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A. A. WYN
(Signature of publisher.)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 21st day of September, 1951.

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